
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/52

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

October/November 2017

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

At least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **13** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 1 **Either** (a) *Angelo*: I crave death more willingly than mercy,
Tis my deserving and I do entreat it.

How far does Shakespeare's presentation of Angelo demonstrate that he gets what he deserves at the end of the play?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds.

Claudio: Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isabella: O you beast! 5
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair! 10
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die; perish. Might but my bending down
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, 15
No word to save thee.

Claudio: Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isabella: O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd; 20
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claudio: O hear me, Isabella.
[*Re-enter* DUKE.]

Duke: Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isabella: What is your will? 25

Duke: Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by
have some speech with you; the satisfaction I would
require is likewise your own benefit.

Isabella: I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out
of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*] 30

Duke: Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and
your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her;
only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his
judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the

- truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial
which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo,
and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to
death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are
fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees and
made ready. 35
- Claudio:* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life
that I will sue to be rid of it. 40
- Duke:* Hold you there. Farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO]
Provost, a word with you.
[*Re-enter* PROVOST.] 45
- Provost:* What's your will, father?
- Duke:* That, now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a
while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no
loss shall touch her by my company.
- Provost:* In good time. [*Exit* PROVOST. 50
- Duke:* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good;
the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty
brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your
complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault
that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to
my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for
his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to
content this substitute, and to save your brother? 55
- Isabella:* I am now going to resolve him; I had rather my brother die
by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O,
how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he
return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain,
or discover his government. 60

Act 3, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) A critic has said that 'Iago has an extraordinary skill to hide his true self.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of the role and characterisation of Iago?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage and what it contributes to your understanding of the play's methods and concerns.

Desdemona: Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia?

Emilia: I know not, madam.

Desdemona: Believe me, I had rather lose my purse
Full of crusadoes; and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking. 5

Emilia: Is he not jealous?

Desdemona: Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him. 10

[Enter OTHELLO.]

Emilia: Look where he comes.

Desdemona: I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him. How is't with you, my lord?

Othello: Well, my good lady. [Aside] O, hardness to dissemble!
How do you, Desdemona? 15

Desdemona: Well, my good lord.

Othello: Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona: It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello: This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart: 20
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one. 25

Desdemona: You may indeed say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello: A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts. 30

Desdemona: I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Othello: What promise, chuck?

Desdemona: I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Othello: I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief. 35

Desdemona: Here, my lord.

Othello: That which I gave you.

Desdemona: I have it not about me.

- Othello:* Not?
- Desdemona:* No, faith, my lord. 40
- Othello:* That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give.
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father 45
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathely, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive, 50
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
- Desdemona:* Is't possible? 55
- Othello:* 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl that had numb'ed in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk; 60
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
- Desdemona:* I'faith! Is't true?
- Othello:* Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
- Desdemona:* Then would to God that I had never seen't! 65
- Othello:* Ha! Wherefore?
- Desdemona:* Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
- Othello:* Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak. Is't out o' th' way?
- Desdemona:* Heaven bless us!

Act 3, Scene 4

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3** **Either** (a) Discuss Austen’s presentation of different attitudes to marriage in the novel.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage and show what it contributes to your understanding of Austen’s methods and concerns.

A reasonable visit paid, Mr. Weston began to move. — “He must be going. He had business at the Crown about his hay, and a great many errands for Mrs. Weston at Ford’s; but he need not hurry any body else.” His son, too well bred to hear the hint, rose immediately also, saying,

“As you are going farther on business, sir, I will take the opportunity of paying a visit, which must be paid some day or other, and therefore may as well be paid now. I have the honour of being acquainted with a neighbour of yours, (turning to Emma,) a lady residing in or near Highbury; a family of the name of Fairfax. I shall have no difficulty, I suppose, in finding the house; though Fairfax, I believe, is not the proper name — I should rather say Barnes, or Bates. Do you know any family of that name?” 5

“To be sure we do,” cried his father; “Mrs. Bates — we passed her house — I saw Miss Bates at the window. True, true, you are acquainted with Miss Fairfax; I remember you knew her at Weymouth, and a fine girl she is. Call upon her, by all means.” 10

“There is no necessity for my calling this morning,” said the young man; “another day would do as well; but there was that degree of acquaintance at Weymouth which” —

“Oh! go to-day, go to-day. Do not defer it. What is right to be done cannot be done too soon. And, besides, I must give you a hint, Frank; any want of attention to her *here* should be carefully avoided. You saw her with the Campbells when she was the equal of every body she mixed with, but here she is with a poor old grandmother, who has barely enough to live on. If you do not call early it will be a slight.” 15

The son looked convinced.

“I have heard her speak of the acquaintance,” said Emma, “she is a very elegant young woman.” 20

He agreed to it, but with so quiet a “Yes,” as inclined her almost to doubt his real concurrence; and yet there must be a very distinct sort of elegance for the fashionable world, if Jane Fairfax could be thought only ordinarily gifted with it.

“If you were never particularly struck by her manners before,” said she, “I think you will to-day. You will see her to advantage; see her and hear her — no, I am afraid you will not hear her at all, for she has an aunt who never holds her tongue.” 25

“You are acquainted with Miss Jane Fairfax, sir, are you?” said Mr. Woodhouse, always the last to make his way in conversation; “then give me leave to assure you that you will find her a very agreeable young lady. She is staying here on a visit to her grandmamma and aunt, very worthy people; I have known them all my life. They will be extremely glad to see you, I am sure, and one of my servants shall go with you to shew you the way.” 30

“My dear sir, upon no account in the world; my father can direct me.”

“But your father is not going so far; he is only going to the Crown, quite on the other side of the street, and there are a great many houses; you might be very

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much at a loss, and it is a very dirty walk, unless you keep on the foot-path; but my coachman can tell you where you had best cross the street.”

Mr. Frank Churchill still declined it, looking as serious as he could, and his father gave his hearty support by calling out, “My good friend, this is quite unnecessary; Frank knows a puddle of water when he sees it, and as to Mrs. Bates’s, he may get there from the Crown in a hop, step, and jump.”

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They were permitted to go alone; and with a cordial nod from one, and a graceful bow from the other, the two gentlemen took leave. Emma remained very well pleased with this beginning of the acquaintance, and could now engage to think of them all at Randalls any hour of the day, with full confidence in their comfort.

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Volume 2, Chapter 5

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'It is Heathcliff's passion for Cathy that allows the reader to overlook his wickedness to everyone else.'

Discuss Brontë's presentation of Heathcliff in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Brontë's methods and concerns in *Wuthering Heights*.

Catherine frowned, and retreated to the window-seat chewing her lip, and endeavouring, by humming an eccentric tune, to conceal a growing tendency to sob.

"You should be friends with your cousin, Mr. Hareton," I interrupted, "since she repents of her sauciness. It would do you a great deal of good: it would make you another man to have her for a companion." 5

"A companion?" he cried; "when she hates me, and does not think me fit to wipe her shoon! Nay! if it made me a king, I'd not be scorned for seeking her good-will any more."

"It is not I who hate you, it is you who hate me!" wept Cathy, no longer disguising her trouble. "You hate me as much as Mr. Heathcliff does, and more." 10

"You're a damned liar," began Earnshaw: "why have I made him angry, by taking your part, then, a hundred times? and that when you sneered at and despised me, and—Go on plaguing me, and I'll step in yonder, and say you worried me out of the kitchen!" 15

"I didn't know you took my part," she answered, drying her eyes; "and I was miserable and bitter at everybody; but now I thank you, and beg you to forgive me: what can I do besides?"

She returned to the hearth, and frankly extended her hand. He blackened and scowled like a thunder-cloud, and kept his fists resolutely clenched, and his gaze fixed on the ground. Catherine, by instinct, must have divined it was obdurate perversity, and not dislike, that prompted this dogged conduct; for, after remaining an instant undecided, she stooped and impressed on his cheek a gentle kiss. The little rogue thought I had not seen her, and, drawing back, she took her former station by the window, quite demurely. I shook my head reprovingly, and then she blushed and whispered: 20

"Well! what should I have done, Ellen? He wouldn't shake hands, and he wouldn't look: I must show him some way that I like him—that I want to be friends."

Whether the kiss convinced Hareton, I cannot tell: he was very careful, for some minutes, that his face should not be seen, and when he did raise it, he was sadly puzzled where to turn his eyes. 30

Catherine employed herself in wrapping a handsome book neatly in white paper, and having tied it with a bit of ribband, and addressed it to "Mr. Hareton Earnshaw," she desired me to be her ambassadress, and convey the present to its destined recipient. 35

"And tell him, if he'll take it I'll come and teach him to read it right," she said; "and, if he refuse it, I'll go upstairs, and never tease him again."

I carried it, and repeated the message; anxiously watched by my employer. Hareton would not open his fingers, so I laid it on his knee. He did not strike it off, either. I returned to my work. Catherine leaned her head and arms on the table, till she heard the slight rustle of the covering being removed; then she stole away, and quietly seated herself beside her cousin. He trembled, and his face glowed: all his rudeness and all his surly harshness had deserted him: he could not summon courage, at first, to utter a syllable in reply to her questioning look, and her murmured petition. 40 45

“Say you forgive me, Hareton, do? You can make me so happy by speaking that little word.”

He muttered something inaudible.

“And you’ll be my friend?” added Catherine interrogatively.

“Nay, you’ll be ashamed of me every day of your life,” he answered; “and the more, the more you know me; and I cannot bide it.”

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“So you won’t be my friend?” she said, smiling as sweet as honey, and creeping close up.

I overheard no further distinguishable talk, but, on looking round again, I perceived two such radiant countenances bent over the page of the accepted book, that I did not doubt the treaty had been ratified on both sides; and the enemies were, thenceforth, sworn allies.

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Volume 2, Chapter 18

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Franklin's Prologue and Tale*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Chaucer's presentation of nature and the natural world.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Franklin's Prologue and Tale*.

Aurelius, that his cost hath al forlorn,
 Curseth the tyme that evere he was born:
 "Allas!" quod he. "Allas, that I bihighte
 Of pured gold a thousand pound of wighte
 Unto this philosophre! How shal I do? 5
 I se namoore but that I am fordo.
 Myn heritage moot I nedes selle,
 And been a beggere; heere may I nat dwelle
 And shamen al my kynrede in this place,
 But I of hym may gete bettre grace. 10
 But nathelees, I wole of hym assaye,
 At certeyn dayes, yeer by yeer, to paye,
 And thanke hym of his grete curteisye.
 My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol nat lye."
 With herte soor he gooth unto his cofre, 15
 And broghte gold unto this philosophre,
 The value of fyve hundred pound, I gesse,
 And hym bisecheth, of his gentillesse,
 To graunte hym dayes of the remenaunt;
 And seyde, "Maister, I dar wel make avaunt, 20
 I failed nevere of my trouthe as yit.
 For sikerly my dette shal be quyt,
 Towardes yow, howevere that I fare
 To goon a-begged in my kirtle bare.
 But wolde ye vouche sauf, upon seuretee, 25
 Two yeer or thre for to respiten me,
 Thanne were I wel; for elles moot I selle
 Myn heritage; ther is namoore to telle."
 This philosophre sobrelly answerde,
 And seyde thus, whan he thise wordes herde: 30
 "Have I nat holden covenant unto thee?"
 "Yes, certes, wel and trewely," quod he.
 "Hastow nat had thy lady as thee liketh?"
 "No, no," quod he, and sorwefully he siketh.
 "What was the cause? Tel me if thou kan." 35
 Aurelius his tale anon bigan,
 And tolde hym al, as ye han herd bifoore;
 It nedeth nat to yow reherce it moore.

from *The Franklin's Tale*

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 6 **Either** (a) What in your view does Dickens's use of secrets and secrecy contribute to the meaning and effects of the novel?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage and show what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Pip and Estella.

Instead of answering, Estella burst out laughing. This was very singular to me, and I looked at her in considerable perplexity. When she left off – and she had not laughed languidly, but with real enjoyment – I said, in my diffident way with her:

“I hope I may suppose that you would not be amused if they did me any harm.”

“No, no, you may be sure of that,” said Estella. “You may be certain that I laugh because they fail. Oh, those people with Miss Havisham, and the tortures they undergo!” She laughed again, and even now when she had told me why, her laughter was very singular to me, for I could not doubt its being genuine, and yet it seemed too much for the occasion. I thought there must really be something more here than I knew; she saw the thought in my mind, and answered it. 5

“It is not easy for even you,” said Estella, “to know what satisfaction it gives me to see those people thwarted, or what an enjoyable sense of the ridiculous I have when they are made ridiculous. For you were not brought up in that strange house from a mere baby. – I was. You had not your little wits sharpened by their intriguing against you, suppressed and defenceless, under the mask of sympathy and pity and what not that is soft and soothing. – I had. You did not gradually open your round childish eyes wider and wider to the discovery of that impostor of a woman who calculates her stores of peace of mind for when she wakes up in the night. – I did.” 10

It was no laughing matter with Estella now, nor was she summoning these remembrances from any shallow place. I would not have been the cause of that look of hers, for all my expectations in a heap. 15

“Two things I can tell you,” said Estella. “First, notwithstanding the proverb that constant dropping will wear away a stone, you may set your mind at rest that these people never will – never would, in a hundred years – impair your ground with Miss Havisham, in any particular, great or small. Second, I am beholden to you as the cause of their being so busy and so mean in vain, and there is my hand upon it.” 20

As she gave it me playfully – for her darker mood had been but momentary – I held it and put it to my lips. “You ridiculous boy,” said Estella, “will you never take warning? Or do you kiss my hand in the spirit in which I once let you kiss my cheek?” 25

“What was it?” said I. 30

“I must think a moment. A spirit of contempt for the fawners and plotters.”

“If I say yes, may I kiss the cheek again?”

“You should have asked before you touched the hand. But, yes, if you like.”

I leaned down, and her calm face was like a statue's. “Now,” said Estella, gliding away the instant I touched her cheek, “you are to take care that I have some tea, and you are to take me to Richmond.” 35

Her reverting to this tone as if our association were forced upon us and we were mere puppets, gave me pain; but everything in our intercourse did give me pain. Whatever her tone with me happened to be, I could put no trust in it, and build no hope on it; and yet I went on against trust and against hope. Why repeat it a thousand times? So it always was. 40

Volume 2, Chapter 14

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Tis all enforced, the fountain and the grot
While the sweet fields do lie forgot.'
(from *The Mower Against Gardens*)

With this quotation in mind, discuss some of the ways in which Marvell makes use of gardens in his poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following poem and show what it contributes to your understanding of Marvell's poetic methods and concerns.

The Coronet

When for the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Saviour's head have crowned,
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong: 5
Through every garden, every mead,
I gather flowers (my fruits are only flowers),
Dismantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorned my shepherdess's head.
And now when I have summed up all my store, 10
Thinking (so I myself deceive)
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of Glory wore:
Alas, I find the serpent old 15
That, twining in his speckled breast,
About the flowers disguised does fold,
With wreaths of fame and interest.
Ah, foolish man, that wouldst debase with them,
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem!
But Thou who only couldst the serpent tame, 20
Either his slippery knots at once untie;
And disentangle all his winding snare;
Or shatter too with him my curious frame,
And let these wither, so that he may die,
Though set with skill and chosen out with care: 25
That they, while Thou on both their spoils dost tread,
May crown thy feet, that could not crown thy head.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Rossetti present powerful emotions? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Rossetti's methods and concerns.

Winter: My Secret

I tell my secret? No indeed, not !!
 Perhaps some day, who knows?
 But not today; it froze, and blows, and snows,
 And you're too curious: fie!
 You want to hear it? well: 5
 Only, my secret's mine, and I won't tell.

Or, after all, perhaps there's none:
 Suppose there is no secret after all,
 But only just my fun. 10
 Today's a nipping day, a biting day;
 In which one wants a shawl,
 A veil, a cloak, and other wraps:
 I cannot ope to every one who taps,
 And let the draughts come whistling thro' my hall;
 Come bounding and surrounding me, 15
 Come buffeting, astounding me,
 Nipping and clipping thro' my wraps and all.
 I wear my mask for warmth: who ever shows
 His nose to Russian snows
 To be pecked at by every wind that blows? 20
 You would not peck? I thank you for good will,
 Believe, but leave that truth untested still.

Spring's an expansive time: yet I don't trust
 March with its peck of dust,
 Nor April with its rainbow-crowned brief showers, 25
 Nor even May, whose flowers
 One frost may wither thro' the sunless hours.

Perhaps some languid summer day,
 When drowsy birds sing less and less,
 And golden fruit is ripening to excess, 30
 If there's not too much sun nor too much cloud,
 And the warm wind is neither still nor loud,
 Perhaps my secret I may say,
 Or you may guess.

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